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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

PRAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

—*Louis Untermeyer*

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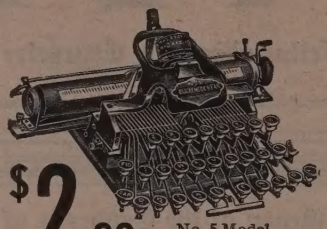

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1916. NUMBER 4

A NARROW WINDOW.

A narrow window may let in the light,
A tiny star dispel the gloom of night,
A little deed a mighty wrong set right.

A rose, abloom, may make a desert fair,
A single cloud may darken all the air,
A spark may kindle ruin and despair.

A smile, and there may be an end to strife;
A look of love, and Hate may sheathe the knife;
A word—ah, it may be a word of life!

—Florence Earle Coates.

From "High Tide."

Montclair, N. J., has put itself upon the map by making the astounding claim that it is a flyless town and it has reached this point not by swatting or trapping the fly but by abolishing the places where flies breed. Let other cities go and do likewise.

The Chicago Department of Health, in its weekly Bulletin, says that the city of Buffalo devotes $1.11 per capita annually to its health conservation while Chicago spends only thirty-seven cents per capita. An investment equal to Buffalo's, Dr. Robertson says, would go a long way towards saving the $6 per capita loss from ill health sustained by the wage earning class in Chicago. A Committee from the American Association of Labor estimates that each one of the thirty million wage earners of the United States loses annually through sickness nine days.

Congresses and presidents in feverish anti-election days may vote unparalleled sums for the creation of a navy of a magnitude hitherto unthought of, but that does not make the navy. You may buy iron and cannon of the greedy munition makers, even at their own price, but you cannot buy American boys enough to use such. A recent dispatch from Washington tells us that two warships of the old Atlantic fleet have been retired in order to provide a crew for the new superdreadnaught, "Arizona." This great demon of the deep sea trade has aboard only a hundred and fifty of the needed thousand men. The Naval "Bill" authorizes the increase of 21,000 men within a year, or the average of 2500 troops a month. The average enlistment last year was less than 500 per month. The American boys are not rushing to the front. It is not because they are wanting in courage or patriotism but because they have found a better way to serve their country.

Dr. Sunder Singh of Lahore, India, Editor of the "Aryan" published in Vancouver, is offered by the Canada Indian League, 293 Turon Street, Toronto, to lecture committees in the United States to speak on Indian subjects, among which are interpretations of the writings of the great Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who recently closed a very successful lecture tour in Japan and is about to be heard at the University centers of the United States. At this time when nationalism is rampant and the boasted western civilization is being shot to pieces, the serene voice of India, the Mother of Religions, has a message to give that is much needed. The "Old World," by necessity as well as by choice, is receiving much from the "New World"; the "New World" has much to learn yet from the eternal life of the East.

If President Wilson has failed in injecting an eight-hour issue into the presidential campaign of this year Mr. Hughes has successfully accomplished the fact. The Adamson Law is but an incident, the motive back of it may be suspected, its power may be tested by the Supreme Court, but the eight-hour day for the laborer remains. Whatever President Wilson's motive may have been and however effective the hammer strokes of Mr. Hughes may be, the public at large, sensitive to great issues, independent of political parties or platforms, is compelled by the agitations of the stump to face this problem which concerns not the working man alone but the well being of society. Women and children, home circles, municipal activities, are all concerned in this problem of the working day and President Wilson is justified when he claims that science, ethical, psychical as well as physical, decrees the shortening of the hours of labor, and history will have a place for the discussions forced into this campaign by Judge Hughes. They build better than they know, who force to the front and lift to the clear great ethical questions entangled in the meshes of selfish interests and timid "business."

A correspondent is distressed over certain peace citations from Emerson recently printed in UNITY,

and solicits the publication of other extracts from Emerson that would seem to give comfort to the militarist. Early in his career Emerson protested against those who demanded from him "consistency," and declared such a demand cruel. "Consistency" is possible only to the stupid or the dead. It is easy to demolish the Bible with its own texts arrayed one against the other. It is easy to drive Ruskin, Carlyle, Tolstoy, as well as Emerson out of court by pelting them with their own words. John Ruskin in his youth wrote glowing paragraphs in praise of war. In the ripeness of his age he became the great antagonist of official murder. The same is true of Carlyle, who in his later years and his ripened judgment, anticipated much, if not all, of the arguments against the survival of barbarism fostered under the guise of patriotism. However successful the militarist may be in picking out militant passages from the early writings of Emerson, he who runs may discover on every page of Emerson the spirit of the cosmopolitan, the citizen of the world. He was an internationalist who hated war but more the spirit of greed and rivalry that made war possible.

The Traveling Library is now a missionary institution carried on more or less extensively by many if not most of the States in the Union. Perhaps the work has been carried to its highest perfection in Wisconsin where we believe the movement started. Last year over 60,000 books were distributed through 12,000 different rural communities. Most of these twelve thousand traveling library packages contain an average of fifty books each. They are sent out in stout boxes, circulating free of charge. The Commission discovers that country people have a little higher literary taste than those of the city judging from the books they ask for. Science, history, poetry and the best fiction have a larger circulation among rural communities than in the cities. According to an estimate made by the Wisconsin Commission seventy per cent of the reading matter called for in the cities is fiction. German, Bohemian, Norwegian, Swedish, Polish and Yiddish books are called into service. But the lonely man in the woods and the home-sick woman on the prairies need not wait for the arrival of the boxes. Any resident of the state has the resources of the Library Commission, Historical Society and University Library at his service. The parcel post will carry a book anywhere within a hundred and fifty miles of Madison for six cents. A leaflet giving full particulars has been distributed throughout the state. This Library Commission has also established a Study Club Department which last year sent out over three thousand volumes, nearly four thousand pamphlets and seventeen hundred pictures. It also aids the libraries in smaller towns. The librarians as well as the libraries receive its paternal care. All this should lead friends of culture everywhere to hold the names of Frank Avery Hutchins, Senator J. H. Stout and Miss Lutie E. Stearns in loving and perpetual remembrance, for in their hearts this work was conceived and by their hands was it formulated. Mr. M. S. Dudgeon, the present Secretary, is a worthy successor in this apostolic line; one who knows the value of the inside of a book; a friend of book lovers everywhere.

How to Save the Soul in Times of Political Distraction

Wendell Phillips used to say that the American people never became intelligent on political issues until they had been beaten out on the stump. Perhaps this was true once; it is scarcely true now, for a presidential campaign is a quadrennial insult to the intellectual dignity of America. Minds otherwise tuned to fairness and schooled to analysis are swept into the desert of dogmatic intolerance and an epidemic of distrust. A deliberate unfairness seizes upon those otherwise academically trained. This reaches from the private citizen who once every four years shouts himself hoarse for his candidate who at other times is the subject of discriminating investigation, perhaps of recrimination and distrust to the candidates for the highest office at the gift of the people.

Not long ago Professor Wilson and Judge Hughes were gentlemen who carried the dignity and refinement that becomes people university trained. They had minds skilled in analysis and given to the judgments that follow candid investigation. They knew at least that no man was wholly bad and no man wholly good. They were willing to "give the Devil his due" and to measure a neighbor at his best and not at his worst. All this is changed now. The Judge steps down from the Supreme Bench to deal in the extravagances of the stump, to put the meanest meaning into the words of his opponent, and the President of the United States affects a blindness to the evils of his own party and to the virtues of the other side.

Both these candidates know that the tariff question, for instance, has always been a demoralizing question in politics and that only the charlatan presumes that it can fairly be made a party issue. At other times the wise men in both parties know that it is a scientific question to be submitted to a fitting commission of non-partisan investigators. In this way only can the conservative interests of business be guarded and the logical demands of economic science and inter-

national justice be kept in mind and steadily worked for. But just before election both sides are willing to play battledove and shuttlecock with the tariff.

Before the campaigning both these candidates knew and taught the follies and wickedness of war. They were conscious of the humiliations that pork-barrel statesmanship brings to the country. But just before election "preparedness" is a catchword and munition makers are courted and so far as lies in their power the pacific inheritance and training of the American people are disturbed.

Both candidates are, we believe, sincere friends of labor; we believe both of them are sufficiently intelligent to recognize the impending crisis, to foresee the great struggle between capital and labor. Two great systems of government are today contending for supremacy; aristocracy, the government by the favored, the fortunate; or, democracy, government by all the people. Socialism or absolutism are contending forces in the thought fields of civilization. But leaders of reform, those who affect to be friends of progress and call themselves "Progressives" are now dogmatically arraigned against each other and shout themselves hoarse for this platform or the other that are studied obscurations, in words carefully selected to confuse the judgment, platforms for campaign issues only.

In the face of all this we come to our title: "How to Save the Soul in Time of Political Distraction."

1. Keep cool. Do not insult the head by letting the heart run wild.

2. Distrust now as always "majorities." Do not be betrayed by figures.

3. Pay the intellect becoming respect. Do not distrust principle in the interest of expediency.

4. Guard well your independencies; he only "throws his vote away" who separates his ballot from his conscience.

5. Remember that on Election Day, of all days in the year, "one with God is in the majority," and God on Election Day speaks to the voter through his own conscience and judgment. The voice of God is the voice of conscience for him on that day.

6. Remember that you hope to live with the successful candidate and that whichever wins you will have a man who may recover his poise and resume the dignity and full proportion of his culture after election.

7. Lastly, despise the "issues of the day" that come in conflict with the "demands of the century." Good old fashioned banner words, sobriety, equity, liberty, progress, refuse to lend themselves to the shibboleths of either party, and they will be at the service of both victor and victim after the polls are closed.

Rabindranath Tagore on "India's Message to Japan"

[Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who three years ago, it will be remembered, was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, and whose poems translated into English have since met with such wide favor in America, is soon to make a second visit to this country for the purpose of giving a series of lectures at a number of our leading universities. On his way to America he has been spending two or three months in Japan. On the 11th of June he delivered by request, in the Imperial University, in Tokyo, a lecture on "The Message of India to Japan." The lecture, which was listened to by a distinguished audience, was remarkable for the freshness of its thought, its high literary quality, and the insight which it gave into the new spirit which is appearing in Japan, in India and throughout the entire Orient. It cannot fail to be of interest to American readers, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Tagore is so soon to be among us. In a somewhat condensed form it is given below.—*J. T. Sunderland.*]

We who live in the East have repeatedly been told, and not without some justification, that Asia lives in the past,—is like a rich mausoleum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalize the dead. It has been said of Asia that she can never move in the path of progress, her face is so inevitably turned backward. Too many of us have accepted the accusation.

As a fact Asia's great past should be an assurance of a great future. Within her borders great kingdoms have been founded, philosophy, science, art and literature have flourished, and all the great religions of the world have been born. For many centuries she held aloft the torches of civilization in the East when the West slumbered in darkness. Therefore it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and climate of Asia, which produces mental inactivity, or which atrophies the faculties of men or of nations so that they cannot go forward.

Asia's quiescence has been slumber; it certainly has not been death. Life has its sleep. In the rhythm of life, pauses there must be for the renewal of life. Life in its activity is ever spending itself; sometimes it spends too freely, tending to burn up its fuel. Extravagance of this kind cannot go on indefinitely; it must be followed by a passive stage, for rest and recuperation.

The tendency of mind is economical, it learns to form habits and move in grooves, which save it from too much expenditure of energy of new thought at every step. It tries to give permanent shape to ideas, setting up walls around them to protect them from intrusions of the strange and the new. To some extent this is necessary. For ideas must be given time to prove themselves. All the old civilizations of the world have slowly built up their idea-forms,—their social ideals, state ideals, religious ideals,—these being their solutions of life's great problems taking definite shapes. These are permanent contributions to human culture, to the world's higher life. The great mistake is in regarding them as fixed and rigid for all times, incapable of growth, static instead of alive. Sleep too much prolonged many end in death. Ideals held with too much rigidity may make the mind lazy. The human mind must not be afraid to risk new adventures. Freedom must not be lost; and real freedom is not found within the realm of mere security, but on the high road of adventure full of the risk of new

experiences. Asia's disaster has lain in her too much forgetting all this.

But one morning the whole world looked up in surprise, when Japan broke through her walls of old habits in a night and came out triumphant. It was done in such an incredibly short time, that it seemed like a change of dress and not like the slow building up of a new structure. She showed the confident strength of maturity and the freshness and infinite potentiality of new life at the same moment. The fear was entertained that it was a mere freak of history, a child's game, the blowing up of a soap bubble, perfect in its rondure and coloring, hollow in its heart and without substance. But Japan has proved conclusively that this sudden revealment of her power is not a short-lived wonder, a chance product of time and tide, thrown up from the depth of obscurity to be swept away the next moment into the sea of oblivion.

The truth is that Japan is old and new at the same time. She has her legacy of ancient culture from the East,—the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self-possession in the face of loss and danger, self sacrifice without counting the cost or hoping for gain, defiance of death, acceptance of countless social obligations that we owe to man as a social being,—the culture that has given us the vision of the infinite in all finite things, through which we have come to realize that the universe is living with a life and permeated with a soul, that it is not a huge machine which had been turned out by a demon of accidence or fashioned by a teleological God who lives in a far away heaven. In a word modern Japan has come out of the immemorial East like a lotus blossoming in as easy grace, all the while keeping its firm hold upon the profound depth from which it has sprung.

And Japan, the child of the Ancient East, has also fearlessly claimed all the gifts of the modern age for herself. She has shown her bold spirit in breaking through the confinements of habits, useless accumulations of the lazy mind. Thus she has come in contact with the living time and has accepted with an amazing eagerness and aptitude the responsibilities of modern civilizaton.

This it is which has given heart to the rest of Asia. We have seen that the life and the strength are there in us, only the dead crust has to be removed; that we must nakedly take our plunge into the youth-giving stream of the time-flood. We have seen that taking shelter in the dead is death itself, and only taking all the risk of life to the fullest extent is living.

Japan has taught us that we must learn the watch-word of the age, in which we live, and answer has to be given to the sentinel of time, if we are to escape annihilation. Japan has sent forth her word over Asia, that the old seed has the life germ in it, only it has to be planted in the soil of the new age.

I, for myself, cannot believe that Japan has become what she is by imitating the West. We cannot imitate life, we cannot simulate strength for long, nay, what is more, a mere imitation is a source of weakness. For it hampers our true nature, it is always in our way. It is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal feuds between the skin and the bones at every movement.

Japan has imported her mental food from the West, but not her vital nature. Japan cannot altogether lose and merge herself in the scientific paraphernalia she has acquired from the West and be turned into a mere borrowed machine. She has her own soul which must assert itself over all her requirements. That she is capable of doing so, and that the process of assimilation is going on, have been amply proved by the signs of vigorous health that she exhibits. And I earnestly hope that Japan may never lose her faith in her own soul in the mere pride of her foreign acquisition. For that pride itself is a humiliation, ultimately leading to poverty and weakness. It is the pride of the fop who sets more store on his new head-dress than on his head itself.

For a person like myself belonging to the East, the problems of Japan and her methods of solution of those problems are matters of utmost interest. The whole world waits to see what this great Eastern nation is going to do with the opportunities and responsibilities she has accepted from the hands of the modern time. If it be a mere reproduction of the West, then the great expectation she has raised will remain unfulfilled. For there are grave questions that the Western civilization has presented before the world but not completely answered. The conflict between the individual and the state, labor and capital, man and woman; the conflict between the greed of material gain and the spiritual life of man, the organized selfishness of nations and the higher ideals of humanity; the conflict between all the ugly complexities inseparable from giant organization of commerce and state and the natural instinct of man crying for simplicity and beauty and fullness of leisure,—all these have to be brought to a harmony in a manner not yet dreamt of.

We have seen the great stream of Western civilization choking itself with useless and evil debris. We have seen that, with all its vaunted love of humanity, the civilization of the West has proved itself in some of its aspects the greatest menace to Man, worse than the sudden outbursts of nomadic barbarism from which men suffered in early ages of history. We have seen that, in spite of its boasted love of freedom, it has produced actually worse forms of slavery than ever were current in earlier forms of society,—slavery whose chains are unbreakable, either because they are unseen, or because they assume the names and appearances of freedom. We have seen, under the spell of its gigantic sordidness, man losing faith in all the heroic ideals of life which have made him great.

Therefore you men of Japan cannot with a light heart accept the modern civilization of the West with all its tendencies, methods and structures, and dream that they are inevitable. You must apply your Eastern mind, your spiritual strength, your love of simplicity, your recognition of social obligation, in order to cut out a new path for this great unwieldy car of progress, shrieking out its loud discords as it runs. You must minimize the immense sacrifice of man's life and freedom that it claims in its every movement. For generations you have felt and thought and worked, have enjoyed and worshipped in your own special manner; and this cannot be cast off like old clothes. It is in your blood, in the marrow of your bones, in the texture of your flesh, in the tissue of your brains;

and it must modify everything you lay your hands upon, without your knowing, even against your wishes. All this you must apply to the present situation, and out of it will arise a new creation and not a mere repetition, a creation which the soul of your people will own for itself and proudly offer to the world as its tribute to the welfare of men.

Of all countries in Asia, here in Japan you have the freedom to use the materials you have gathered from the West according to your genius and your need. You are fortunately not hampered from the outside, therefore your responsibility is all the greater, for in your voice Asia shall answer the questions that Europe has submitted to the conference of Man. In your land the experiments will be carried on by which the East will change the aspects of the modern civilization, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty.

Not only Japan but all the nations of Eastern Asia have long been pursuing their own path, evolving their own civilization, which was not political but social, not predatory and mechanically efficient, but spiritual and based upon all the varied and deeper relations of humanity. The solutions of the life problems of peoples were thought out in seclusion and carried out behind the security of aloofness, where all the dynastic changes and foreign invasions hardly touched them. But now we are overtaken by the outside world, our seclusion is lost forever. Yet this we must not regret, as a plant should never regret when the obscurity of its seed time is broken. Now the time has come when we must make the world-problem our own problem; we must bring the spirit of our civilization into harmony with the history of all nations of the earth; we must not in foolish pride, still keep ourselves fast within the shell of the seed and the crust of the earth which protected and nourished our ideals; for these, the shell and the crust, were meant to be broken, so that life may spring up in all its vigor and beauty, bringing its offerings to the world in open light.

In this task of breaking the barrier and facing the world Japan has come out the first in the East. She has infused hope in the heart of all Asia. This hope provides the hidden fire which is needed for all works of creation. Asia now feels that she must prove her life by producing living work, she must not lie passively dormant, or feebly imitate the West, in the infatuation of fear or flattery. For this we offer our thanks to this Land of the Rising Sun and solemnly ask her to remember that she has the mission of the East to fulfil. She must infuse the sap of a fuller humanity into the heart of the modern civilization. She must never allow it to get choked with the noxious undergrowth, but lead it up towards light and freedom, towards the pure air and broad space, where it can receive, in the dawn of its day and the darkness of its night, heaven's inspiration. Let the greatness of her ideals become visible to all men like her snow-crowned Fuji rising from the heart of the country into the region of the infinite, supremely distinct from its surroundings, beautiful like a maiden in its magnificent sweep of curve, yet firm and strong and serenely majestic.

THE PULPIT

The De-Forestation of Tower Hill

An After-Vacation Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, September, 24, 1916.

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly.

Help us, Father, once more to live in the vital rays of the sun. Gather us at this altar dedicated to service and to truth that in our lives we may again testify to the goodness that overshadows us, the beauty that envelopes, the love that sustains us. Father, through us may the prayer for "peace on earth and good will to men" be embodied. So may Thy law of progress be exemplified; so may the message of growth find new illustrations.

Father, we consecrate ourselves anew to the service of truth and love and rightousness in the world. We would commit ourselves afresh to that unbroken fellowship that invites into this house of the Lord all struggling souls, all stumbling sinners, all aspiring, loving, loyal hearts; Father, commission us afresh through the voice that speaks within the chambers of our own souls, to be the religion we profess, to practice the gospel we preach, to embody the laws we humbly confess. Make us more diligent workers in this garden of the Lord. Make us more earnest seekers in this college of the Most High. Baptise us with willing spirits; guide our feet, Father, in the paths of helpfulness. Touch our hands with tenderness and key our voices to kindly words. Amen.

Eighteen years ago, in 1898, I came back to you from my vacation with the story of the reforestation of Tower Hill. I then told as best I could the story of how the fire-swept, ragged, torn and apparently barren hill had been reforested through human care, enterprise and devotion. It was a story of sowing and planting, a story that stimulated, at least the preacher, with the thought that even the barren fields of earth might be made to bloom as a garden; that roses might be made to take the place of thistles, and apples might supplant the briar bush. It was a real story, taken fresh out of life.

Today I bring to you a story not so in line with our ambitions and our energies. Nature, at Tower Hill, has responded all too willingly to the human care there bestowed. The twig we planted has become a sapling and the sapling has become a tree. The slip we held in one hand while we pressed the hospitable soil around the tender rootlets with the other, has grown into umbrageous proportions and we sit in the shade thereof.

And now there has come another problem to Tower Hill residents—the problem of *de*-forestation. For, alas, the trees have grown so as to obstruct the view they were to embellish, they blur the picture they were meant to enframe. They are engaged in a profitless battle with one another. Over-crowded and over-shaded is the sunny side of Tower Hill.

Re-forestation, the reclamation of this bit of "waste land" was my theme eighteen years ago. The study of the Tower Hill of today brings to us two or three very suggestive parables of the better life. Each year I have come back to you to quote Emerson's saying that "The laws above are twin sisters to the laws below." Surely the conditions of good tillage, the law of the garden and the park, in the end become the law of society, the conditions of the higher life.

The first parable lesson then that comes to us through Tower Hill is that we planted not well when we devoted ourselves to the short-lived products of nature. Throughout the West we have been too

greedy for quick returns from the soil. The prairie folks were too hungry for trees. Through several hundred miles of travel we witnessed the ragged wayside where the Lombardy poplar and the locust had served their day and had fallen into disorder, causing dishevelled streets and ways. The box elder, as we call them in Wisconsin, was the favorite of the farmer, because he was told it would grow rapidly. Many farmers undertook to make windbreaks out of soft maples, locusts and alders which matured in fifteen years and became unattractive in twenty. Thus it is that we spend our days in nursing annuals where perennials might grow. Poppies may decorate the lawn for a summer, but roses abide for still another summer. So Tower Hill now needs the woodman's ax to remove the transient, unenduring products which nature has given in response to our unwise planting.

We find in the second place that the planting was overdone. We were too distrustful of nature, we planted too thickly. The trees are interfering with one another. A clump of evergreens planted at the foot of Tower Hill has become a tangle, and we have not yet had fortitude enough to cut down half the pines and cedars in order to give the others half a chance to come into their full beauty. In the little triangle just south of Westhope, there grows today a promising basswood, a beautiful pine, an elm, an ironwood, a crab apple tree and a primitive oak, three out of the six hand-planted. There is room for only one or two of those trees to come to their maximum glory. The hand that planted in the days of dreariness reckoned not on the expanding power of a noble tree. But I had not hardihood enough to chop any of them down. So I left them to quarrel with one another, and eventually to disfigure one another. Every day on my way down the hill I passed what is otherwise a splendid elm, but it is lopsided, unsymmetrical, and it will remain so through a long life, accusing the forester, who permitted throughout its younger days, an unpromising oak—scrub oak—at that, to mar the symmetry of the elm to which nature would have given maternal arms charged with beauty and hospitality. The work of destroying that which you planted, clearing the earth of the tangle you invited, in the interest of the larger beauty, the permanent growth is hard work. Time was when on Tower Hill we delighted in anything that covered the naked hillside. Clumps of hazelwood, dogwood, sumach and prickly ash sprang up as if by magic to hide the nakedness, and we delighted in them. But sumach, prickly ash, dogwood and hazel nut bushes have been compelled to retire through the supremacy of the trees that have claimed the ground. Weeds have given way to grass and grass breaks into fragrant white clover.

The first lesson from Tower Hill, then, is that deforestation is necessary in order that the trees may thrive. Cut out the underbrush, cease cultivating annuals where perennials are needed.

I hardly need to suggest the analogies in your lives and mine. Our homes are girdled with dishevelled poplars and wayward locusts which interfere with, perhaps defeat, the possibilities of elms and maples and stately oaks. On our spiritual lawns our hasty planting has been a waste of human energy upon passing annuals. Let us not rejoice too much in flower beds when we might have parks, green lawns and sheltering trees.

Think of it, a tree! "What a great thought of God was that when He thought a tree" said Ruskin. This, by Joyce Kilmer, was the favorite poem on the Hill this summer:

> "I think that I shall never see
> A poem lovely as a tree.
>
> "A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
> Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
>
> "A tree that looks at God all day,
> And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
>
> "A tree that may in summer wear
> A nest of robins in her hair;
>
> "Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
> Who intimately lives with rain.
>
> "Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree."

But God cannot make such trees if they are planted too thickly. His creative energy is thwarted by too much and too cheap undergrowth.

In our wantonness we planted some apple trees in among the others. Each year I have watched one of these apple trees planted in the shade, overshadowed by trees on either side, defying the culture and the habit of the tree, push itself upward and upward and upward, toward the sunlight. It became a slim, slender, aspiring, but deformed apple tree. Two years ago one of these overshadowing trees had to come down and that gave the apple tree, for the first time, a chance at the sun, and this year it flushed pink and reddened into luscious apples as nature meant it should.

Oh, how many apple trees we plant in the shade and keep in the shadow of growths less promising and subject to destinies less noble than God intended for them. Let your own lives and mine accuse us. How much first-class enthusiasm have we given to secondary causes; how much energy we have bestowed on passing issues; how many lives have wasted their energies in tending to the fleeting gardens on the hillsides of society. I speak out of thirty-eight years of experience in Chicago. Oh, think of the watering and the soil tending, aye, watering with costly human sweat. Think of the street cleaning, the tree growing, the baby feeding, the bread-making, the smoke suppressing, the billboard reducing societies we have nurtured. How much good land has been occupied, how much good brains, good human energy, the most precious thing produced by nature that we know of, have crowded the Tower Hills of life with that which will soon become an entanglement, a defeat of the great growths that make the life of the individual, or the life of the community noble.

The question of what to cut out is a high question in forestry. In mathematics we arrive most promptly at the equation by a process of cancellation. Throw out the unnecessary elements and the problem becomes simple. We know in our own lives, and that knowledge has come out of bitter experience, that achievement comes through elimination. Hold hard to this sentence, if nothing else, as the gist of my morning's sermon. Aye, the larger and the permanent issues, the great reforms of the day, woman's cause, the cause of sobriety, the interests of peace, they are not best served, any of them, by cultivating annuals; they are

not most effectively promoted by dealing with the transitory undergrowths of human organization born out of impulse, nourished out of hasty enthusiasm, tinctured with personal ambition, promoted and at last defeated by the wastage of human energy.

Oh, this problem of elimination is the serious problem of the higher life, the question of *de*-forestation follows the problem of *re*-forestation.

But all is not said yet. It is not simply a question of elms *versus* locusts, of pines *versus* Lombardy poplars, or even poppies versus roses that is taught at Tower Hill in these days. There is something better than the tree in your front yard even if it is desirably located. The tree was meant to harmonize the view, not to interfere with it; it was meant to enframe the picture as I have said, and not blur it. On Tower Hill we are in danger of losing our view in many ways unless we summon the axeman.

Many years ago, "Aunt Mary" used to send me the juicy plums from her favorite tree. I ate the plums and threw the pits out into my front yard. The pits I threw away grew and flourished and a clump of plum trees planted themselves right there. I have watched them grow to my delight and this year they have offered me a few delicious plums, but, they have screened my view. Twenty-five years ago I put my bed on stilts that I might command the river view while resting on my bed, but "Aunt Mary's" plum trees have hidden the bridge, and I must evermore sleep behind the screen of my plum trees, unless I sacrifice the plums and rescue the view. What shall I do? I have not cut down the plum trees yet, but my judgment tells me they ought to go. In the long run I should let nothing of meaner growth interfere with the larger view, the longer prospect. Beyond the tree is that horizon line touched with beauty by the rising sun, reflecting the glory of the departing day, promising continued life, the life of the day to come and the life beyond that is ever beyond the farthest line reached by eye.

The question of *forestation* is interesting to the scientist and of great importance to the economist. Through the slow struggling milleniums did nature find the way of cushioning the rugged rocks with fertile soil, padding the hillside with grass, shading the valleys with leaves, making the world a possible home for man, with his weak fingers and unshod feet, but man equipped with brains, that by his wits he might utilize all these resources of nature.

Following this forestation of nature came the *de-forestation* of human nature. Pineries were spoiled, the forests were denuded, the fields were robbed of their fertility by wasteful tillage, and a second nakedness made by human nature followed. Then came the *re-forestation* of nature, when man took a thought and learned that he must economize the bounty of God if he would live in a bountiful universe.

Following the re-forestation comes again this second or partial denudation for which I plead this morning, the *de-forestation* that the view may not be interfered with, that the vision may not be blurred, and that the souls may not be cramped, no, not even within the walls of beauty, for life must not be thwarted, no, not even by good, but petty causes when the great fundamental cause of human freedom, of life and love is at stake. *Good* trees must often be sacrificed if life reaches its fullest power and highest beauty.

Are you glad I am back? Really glad? I do not mean are you glad to see me. I take that for granted, the ties of thirty-five years take care of that. But are you glad that I am back to do something, to summon you yourself and myself to this high work of *de*-foresting Chicago, cutting out the underbrush, doing away with the prickly ash and the dogwood that room may be given for the elms, and oaks and pines—nay, if need be, cutting down some of these trees that the far view may be preserved, that the hilltops of God may still allure.

Gray hairs are a reproach, tottering limbs are a disgrace if they bring halting courage, waning enthusiasm, lost faith in things intangible, missing the uplift that comes only from the hills of the Lord.

All organization, however good their objects may be, are to be distrusted if they crowd the central interests. Oh, it is well to have "constitutions" and "by-laws"—Heaven forgive the United States for having developed so many of them, or misused them so much. It is well to have "committees" and to have "causes," and I am chief sinner among you in this matter. But these "constitutions" and "by-laws" these man and woman-made "exclusions" that must pass on "memberships" with "reports of committeess" where the fate of the applicant is to be determined by "black-balls," or "favorable" or "unfavorable reports," all these are but flowerbed-makings on the mountains of God that are capable of giving life to splendid trees yielding great prospects.

I come back once more to my question, "Are you glad I am back with you?" Is All Souls church to be the one thing more in our lives when everything else is disposed of? Is this Sunday altar consecrated to things eternal, to attract you only when you cannot go to the golf links or you have no dinner invitation? Is this cause of untrammeled fellowship and uncreedal religion, the cause of free inquiry and open fellowship, to be made subordinate to the little things, when taken by themselves, that occupy the front of the stage today, but will be forgotten tomorrow, as you and I well remember in our more than thirty years of experience in this city? The most pathetic misuse of human energy I know of is high consecration to passing causes, when permanent things await the support of saints and sages.

I have glorified the tree, I have exalted the elm over the poplar. That is right, but there are things and issues greater than trees. There are times when the best trees must come down in order that the soul may not be hemmed in. So I come back to you, God helping me, for another year of high endeavor along lines where life is tested not by things done, not by majorities, not by the achievements of society this and society that, but by the largeness of life which alone gives glory to the city, or beauty to the home, or peace to the soul.

I have spoken of the old age that is a disgrace, of the gray hairs that are a reproach. There is an old age awaiting all of us that is ripeness and not decay, that is maturity and not defeat, or thwarted growth. But this comes not to those who are on the side-tracks in the journey of life, who waste life's most precious oil on incidental things.

All Souls church, if it stands for anything, stands for the view on the far horizon, it stands for the glory of the hill-top and if this place of prayer has any service at all to human souls it is because here they can come at least once a week and climb a little, climb towards the top of the hill, that they may catch once more the glory of the long line that reaches across the centuries, that view that takes in the continents, the mountain peaks of which are made resplendent with the words and lives of the world's Saviors. Here is where we may climb to catch a view of the mountain peaks of humanity, Confucius and Zoroaster, Socrates, Buddha and chiefest of all, the carpenter's Son who climbed from the Nazerene valley, onto the Calvary heights.

Are you glad I am back—for this purpose? Oh, we have many chores to do. There is "work" to be done, much of it. But God forgive me for ever having suggested activities to any one of you if it is at the cost of the life of the soul, of the hunger of the mind. I resent the implication that this church is chiefly an "institution" for human benefactions. The word "settlement" carries with it great connotations, but it also carries with it great dangers, for it may bring weakness and not strength into the lives it would serve. Unless through all our bread-doling helpfulness and hand-directing activity there stream great floods of thought and life, of science and poetry, our work is vain, worse than vain.

Reform? Yes. But formation is better than *re*-formation and the highest task of the church is to render the reformation unnecessary because the life has never been allowed to degenerate into selfishness and weakness, coarseness and the indolence of unwise activities.

Oh, the wearisome preoccupations of the prosperous leisure class, the weariness in doing things that might as well be left undone!

Heaven help us in this high task of *de-foresting* the Tower Hill of religion when deforestation is necessary in order to promote the continued growth of perennials, in order to preserve the heavenly vision without which life is stale, flat and unprofitable as every self-conscious soul knows.

To Thy glorious world we would gain re-entry, Father, with the renewal of our energies, with fresh courage and ever-widening hopes. Amen.

A REVERIE

"Above the roar of the guns I heard the nightingale."—PHILIP GIBBS.

The sun is setting. In the pine trees near,
A nightingale is singing loud and clear
His vesper-hymn of thankfulness and praise,
As he was wont to do in bygone days.

Sweet Nature answers to the call of May,
And scatters blossoms o'er the stricken way;
Whilst roaring guns and shells their poison yield,
Flinging their tortures on the battlefield.

What form is this, who walks as in a trance,
Whose fingers hold a withered olive branch?
I wildly cried, "O tell me! art thou Peace?
When will this bitter war and carnage cease?"

She answered, "When the nations turn to God,
And follow in the steps the Master trod,
Discarding evil, and by doing good
Lead on the reign of Love and Brotherhood!"

May 26, 1916. —*Caroline Titford.*

Abraham Lincoln

In the depths of the new world's wilderness, close to nature and far from art, in hut of logs and on a bed of leaves, attended only by poverty and want, there came into life one winter's morn a child who became the greatest instrument of good to man the modern world has known. Christendom celebrates his birth, and on his natal day the lovers of liberty everywhere turn in reverence and love to Abraham Lincoln.

The memory of the life and work of the man has been a sacred treasure to all the people of the world for more than thirty years. Lincoln was admired and honored by the generation still living which knew and walked with him. He is revered and glorified by the generations following him. He will be sanctified by the generations to come. His grave will ever be a shrine at which the lovers of justice and truth may worship.

The causes for Lincoln's widely diversified and opposing characteristics, his melancholy and hopefulness; his sadness and gaiety; his tenderness and austerity; his dignity and buffoonery, his appreciation of the pathetic and the ridiculous; his sentimentality verging on insanity, the poetic and the gross, the spiritual in his composition; his prodigious mental strength, and his singular mental weakness—these have not been analyzed. The psychology of Lincoln has not been written. The forces which combined to produce this matchless man have not been traced. The record of his ancestry becomes mere tradition beyond his grandparents. Not so much is known of the line of ancestry of the greatest man the world has ever seen as is known of the commonest modern race horse. What a wonderful story could be told, were it possible to trace to their sources those widely diverging streams which flowed from generation to generation until they mingled, producing the ocean of his mind.

The source of that essence which perfected and clarified his wonderful brain cannot be traced, but in all that was true he was the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Seldom has there been such a union of man and woman. Never has there been such an issue as their son. From all that is known of him, Thomas Lincoln was a domestic peaceful man. He was of ordinary stature but of heroic build. He was unusually heavy, possessed of great physical strength, and his body was so compactly formed that the lines of separation between his ribs could not be distinguished. Socially he was of the commonest material, as were his forefathers. He was contented with daily bread, and had no ambition beyond it. He was a moral man with a level mind that could neither rise to intellectuality nor sink to soddenness. He was not ignorant but he was uncultivated. As Watterson might described him, he was "niggerless" but he was not "white trash." For three generations at least, the Lincolns had been such men. They were Americans, and pioneers living beyond the cities, close to nature, in the advance of civilization, and untinctured by the corruption which follows it. Thomas Lincoln's grandfather was killed by the Indians when working in his forest clearing. Thus by process of their lives—calm, passionless and free from ambition—there was produced in Thomas Lincoln a brain dull and inactive,

but pure and unruffled, in which lay ungerminate, the seed of an intellectual giant.

Abraham Lincoln's mother was the mental and physical antithesis of his father. She died when Lincoln was a child, but he remembered her as a weak slender woman, sad-eyed and melancholy. The historian approaches the subject of Nancy Hanks' origin with reverence and pain. With reverence because she is canonized in the hearts of the American people as the mother of Abraham Lincoln; with pain because one of the chief sorrows of Lincoln's life came from the belief that in his mother's birth the exactions of the social law were not fulfilled. In the community where Nancy Hanks was reared there was a general belief that her father was an aristocratic young Southerner, but he was not her mother's husband. Lincoln shared with those who knew him, the belief that his grandmother's girl love had furnished the old story of hope, and alarm and despair. The child called Nancy Hanks grew up a creature of etherialism, all sentiment and dream, bearing through her life her mother's grief and yearning—the heartache and melancholy of her unrequited love. She had no natural place in the social sphere when Thomas Lincoln found her. What impulse of the heart brought about the union of this human clod and human flower is only one of the mysteries of the great design. Such a socially unnatural union was necessary to the creation of such a man. In every characteristic he was the true son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. I lay stress upon this view because many of the older students of Lincoln believe he was not the son of Thomas Lincoln, the belief resting upon nothing stronger in fact than the difficulty of accounting for such a man from such a father. There is nothing in the fact that no other of Thomas Lincoln's descendants showed any intellectual strength. Certainly no other Lincoln of that generation was worthy to touch the garment of the mighty Abraham, but Nancy Hanks had only one child who grew to manhood. In all that was material he was the offspring of Thomas Lincoln, even in the substance and solidity of his brain. In all that was spiritual he was the son of Nancy Hanks. The father gave him the gross intellectual qualities, as well as the strong body, the animal vitality, the coarseness of mold, sufficient to control and temper into power the passion born intellectuality of his mother. His brain was a light that shone through storms that would have wrecked a weaker tower than his. His mind and heart were precious gems of such heroic weight that their safety required a setting of iron and brass. Had his body come from the same etherial source as his soul, he might have died with his first breath. Had his soul come from the same source as his body, he might have passed his life splitting rails in Macon county. Through all the stages of his intellectual growth, in the dream life at New Salem, in the preparatory period at Springfield, and in the wonderful culmination of his life work at Washington, absolute equity was the inspiration of his being. In his soul the mother of Nancy Hanks cried out for justice.

Stories illustrating his honesty, his fairness, his sense of right and justice to all things living, are as plentiful as his days. He granted life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to every creature. The suffering of a bird, or the distress of a mother equally called forth his sympathy and help. In his melancholy wanderings through the Sangamon woods he would rescue a squealing pig from the mire of a slough, or return a fallen fledgling to its nest. The village babies came to know and to learn the touch of his strong hands and the children clung to his knees. When his Salem sweetheart died and grief for a time destroyed his reason, he was oppressed with a great sorrow that was not his own or born of his affliction. He carried latent in his soul the tenderness, the melancholy, the nameless longing of Nancy Hanks who had suckled from her mother's breast the sorrow born of unrequited love.

Lincoln's keen sense of the ridiculous was born of his melancholy and sadness. The grotesque and ridiculous relieved him after his periods of gloomy and absorbing thoughts. Usually cheerful and kind hearted, there came time when for days he was unapproachable, abstracted and depressed beyond explanation, and following this condition he would relate for hours the most foolish tales and rhymes for the amusement of whatever crowd might gather around him.

Abraham Lincoln has been dead for more than thirty years, and while the world has looked upon him with interest keener than ever man aroused, it has looked with strained blinded. He has not yet been clearly seen, nor will he be until the eye can bear his light. The man is still unknown. His measure has not been taken. The wonder of his work has not been comprehended; his history and biography have not been written. To estimate what he has accomplished is the work of the future. To sing his praises and exalt his name will ever be the inspiration of poets and orators. He is a spiritual enigma, a moral paradox, an intellectual phenomenon. The sagest of philosophers, he was the most ridiculous of jesters. He was Solomon and Harlequin. He drew wisdom and humor from the material in his path. It made no difference whether he found a jewel in the flower garden or in the street. His religion was truth. He worshiped that omnipotent, omniscient power which all do, but the teaching of the Savior was the daily guidance of his life. Unread, unlettered and untravelled, he was the best informed man of his time, and his public utterances are the classics of the language.

Abraham Lincoln had in him more of earth and more of heaven that any man the world has ever seen. The hand Creative did not change the laws of nature to give him being. He was all man, and between the base of his physical nature and the crown of his intellectual life, there was all in human nature, from the brawn of the slave to the dream of the prophets. In his intellectual composition there was both good and evil, but through the mystic influences of that pro-creative alchemy out of which came his life, the infinite attributes of his character were concentrated on the great principles of justice, truth and mercy.

He was fitted for action in the forest, hovel, or the courts of kings. The qualities of his mind charmed equally the dolt and the seer. He never went beyond the one—he always reached the limit of the other. He astonished the philosophic mind with the keenness of his logic. He made clear to the simplest brain the most complex proposition. He led the "Clary Grove Gang" in the Blackhawk war with as much pride and appreciation of place as when he commanded the armies of the nation. He was at the same time the

associate of Jack Armstrong, the backwoods rowdy, and William H. Seward, the scholar and statesman, and he made both feel his superiority. Armstrong threw him on the banks of the Sangamon, Seward attempted it in the Cabinet at Washington—neither tempted him but once.

In human affairs he has no sphere to fill—he filled all spheres. He was the heir of the human race, and he came into the world endowed with all its gifts. He was all that was strong and rugged; all that was beautiful and tender. He was the granite, and the moss fern; the sea crag and the thistle down; the oak and the orchid. When he was born no star wandered from its course to guide the way to his birthplace. No wise men worshipped at his manger, but when his first cry vibrated upon the air of the Kentucky woods, surely the universe felt a thrill, and Michael the archangel, he of the scales, stood on the threshold of the world listening, his finger to his lips. Let him who seeks the truth take in one hand the Sermon on the Mount, and in the other the speech at Gettysburg, and know that he holds within his grasp all the Gospel and the Law. —*Paul Hull.*

Ford on the Labor Question

INTERVIEW WITH HENRY FORD ON AUGUST 31, REPORTED FOR THE PUBLIC BY JUDGE HENRY NEIL.

Henry Ford told me today that if he controlled the railroads he would cut the freight rates to one-third the present rate, double the pay of the workers, and by cutting out graft and tyranny in management make more profit for the stockholders than is made under the present system. He said there is an unseen hand controlling the financial affairs of the railroads and other great industries. He further declared that the financial statement issued by his company today shows it to be more profitable to employers to pay workers high wages for an eight-hour day than low wages for longer hours.

The overworked and worried man, he said, is not an efficient worker. Many men now enlist for war, said Mr. Ford, because the wages are so low that they cannot live decently in times of peace. He furthermore noted the relation of the labor question to the land question by referring to the many who try to profit through owning land and holding it for a rise, rather than by putting it to some good use.

The Public of August 8.

RUTH, THE TOILER

There is that quiet in her face
That comes to all who toil.
She moves among the sheaves with grace.
A daughter of the soil.

There is that beauty in her hands,
That glory in her hair,
That adds a warmth to sun-brown lands
When autumn cools the air.

There is that gladness in her eyes,
As one who finds the dust
A lovely path to paradise.
And common things august.

There is that reverence in her mood,
That patience sweet and broad,
As one who in the solitude
Yet walks the fields with God!

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVIII.

Michael Angelo 1475-1564
Art and the Renaissance

"What lies before me, that is still mine."
—Michael Angelo.

From the standpoint of art Michael Angelo (Michaelangelo Buonarroti), is perhaps the central figure of the Renaissance and stands as one of the mountainous characters in history, conspicuous, inviting, baffling: an ever-changing study.

Angelo was born in a little town near Florence; his father holding a small government position. He was partly brought up by his foster-mother whose father was a stone-cutter, and to this fact he has jokingly attributed his ability for sculpturing. At thirteen he was apprenticed to learn drawing and painting in a school established by Lorenzo de Medici in the Medici Palace under the direction of Bertoldo, one of Donatello's pupils. The school was in a building filled with curios and antiques, all proving of much interest to the yound lad. When only fifteen he carved a small head, known as a faun, which attracted the attention of Lorenzo who began to patronize the boy and insisted that he should live at the Palace. Here Angelo had not only exceptional opportunities for the study of art but access to Lorenzo's library, perhaps the finest in Italy, and was privileged to meet the many noted travelers from all over the world, great and learned. Here he laid the foundations for becoming not only a great artist but one of the greatest scholars of his day. William Hunt, his most eminent interpreter in the United States perhaps, has said that no man has been produced by the intervening centuries large enough to understand him. And Grimm, whose biography is one of the great works of modern literature, confessed that in order to prepare himself to write it, he was obliged to study the age that produced Angelo.

When twenty-nine years old he competed with Leonardo da Vinci in painting for the Council Chamber of Florence, and it was while engaged in this work that he came in contact with Raphael.

This was a time when every man must obey the Pope and in 1506 Angelo was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II to undertake the work of his vast mausoleum in St. Peters. On this work he was engaged for a large part of his life, but the only result was the "Moses" at Rome and some unfinished statues.

Two years later Julius compelled Angelo to undertake the fresco decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This gigantic work was executed entirely by the Master's own hand as he lay on his back, as he

must have done literally for nearly three working years, and which left him deformed in body and distorted in vision for weeks. Harrison speaks of this as "unquestionably the most stupendous single achievement of modern art." "The Creation," "The Fall" and the preparation for the coming "Redemption" form the subjects of the fresco. The painter divided and enclosed the ceiling with painted architecture which formed the frame of the frescoes. The vault contains the history of the human race as far as Noe. Around the dome are placed Prophets, Sibyls and Angels all pointing to the coming redemption. Gietmann in the Catholic Encyclopedia says of this work:

The Divine, the prophetic, and the human are here most happily expressed; the conception of the first is original; the prophets and sibyls have wonderful individuality. . . . The architect created the beautiful division of the space and the exact proportions, the sculpture produced the anatomically correct figures, and the painter knew how to blend forms and colors into perfect harmony. After the completion of the work Michael Angelo could no longer regret that it had been forced upon him against his will.

On the death of Julius II Angelo returned to his work as a sculptor and in 1524 began the sublime Medici Chapel at Florence. The original design called for twelve figures but was never carried out. Here may be seen the symbolic figures of "Day" and "Night," "Evening" and "Dawn" and the statue of Lorenzo, most beautiful though probably idealized.

Grimm said he would not exchange Michael Angelo for Phidias. The "inner affinity" is the thing which raises Angelo above the Greeks. He says:

"In the 'Last Judgment' he has represented in every stage the half-unconscious rising from sleep, and restoration to thought; while, in the Dying Slave, he has portrayed the sinking into the dream of death. In the whole range of sculpture, I know nothing finer than the countenance of this youth. In the Aurora, the feeling that fills her, shines forth from every movement, wherever we look at her. We see her struggling against an intense weariness of body and mind; she has already supported herself on her arm, and is partly raised; she has placed her foot to step forward, and sinks back again. How magnificiently has Michael Angelo, in the movement of the left arm, expressed the stretching-out of the limbs at waking. The elbow is raised, and the hand, extended over the shoulder, lays hold of the folds of the veil. An entire symphony of Beethoven lies in this statue. . . . . .

Michael Angelo considered a marble statue, not as a copy of a statue in clay, but as something complete from the first, which, concealed within the stone, was released by the chisel from the covering that veiled it. "The greatest artist," he says at the beginning of one of his sonnets, "can devise nothing that does not lie within a single block of marble, concealed under the surface which covers it with superfluous stone. And the hand alone which is obedient to the mind, can give it form."

But, in the statue of the Dawn, the otherwise perfectly finished limbs are in some places lost in the rough, thick marble; and the figure seems to us to be struggling forth from the stone. And, no one having come to liberate it completely, the truth of the idea is proved,—how, without the hand and without the mind which it obeys, the marble must for ever retain the form.

In 1534 he was summoned to complete the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel with his "Last Judgment" which is said to contain some of the most original conceptions of the master. The story is told that during the painting of this work there was objection made to the nudity of some of the figures. The objection was led by Biagic da Cisena, master of ceremonies. Angelo then proceeded to portray this dignitary as Judge Minos with asses ears in the Infernal Region. This so infuriated Cisena that he appealed to the Pope, who, however, declared that his jurisdiction did not extend over those regions. He could not release anyone from eternal condemnation.

When fifty-two years old he went back to Florence and worked as engineer in defending the Republic against the Medici princes. From 1534 until his death he was employed as architect of St. Peters. The Cupola is entirely his work and it is said that had his plan of a Greek equilateral cross been adhered to the faults of the building would have been avoided.

To Michael Angelo, it has been said, were given three souls at birth; the soul of the painter, the soul of the sculptor, and the soul of the architect. He became pre-eminent in each of these characters and although never married, at sixty-five, through the illumination of a noble woman's face, made more noble by a noble life, he was given a fourth soul, that of a poet. Eminent as a poet, his sonnets would place him in the foremost rank of the lyrical poets of his time.

Not the least of his contributions to his age was his contribution to ethics. Although living in an age when the Catholic Church was degenerate he remained profoundly religious and Savonarola had a wonderful influence over him. He went regularly to the Duomo to hear him preach and said he "could not free himself from God." He anticipated Luther and outreached him, for, while he had all of Luther's defiance to form and convention, and more, he possessed what Luther did not, infinite patience and a power to see beyond the sins and crimes of Rome. He saw that which made and still makes Rome the "Eternal City." He saw between the lines of dogmatism and beyond the formalities of the altar, the working of the spirit that in all times has groped towards a beauty unrealized and a fraternity not yet reached. Added to this he knew a loneliness seldom experienced and drank the bitter waters of sorrow of which lesser souls are incapable. It was this that made him the great interpreter of Dante and he has been well called the "Dante of Art." He was denied the privilege of building at his own expense a tomb worthy this great Light of Italy but we have his inspired sonnet:

I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood,
Who only to just men deny their wage.
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
Against his exile coupled with his good
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage.

He died at Rome in his eighty-ninth year. His nephew erected a monument over his tomb in Santa Croce, Florence, for which Vasari, his well-known pupil and biographer furnished the design and Duke Cosimo di Medici the marble. The three arts are represented as mourning over the sarcophagus above which is a niche containing a bust of Michael Angelo.

Another monument to his memory is the posthumous poem of Longfellow, "Michael Angelo" in which he represents this great soul as the light and life of his century. He makes him a focal point in Christian history. He teaches Vittoria Colonna to say:

You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble sound,
As of a trumpet; Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art.

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SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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This is the general head of a course of fifteen sermons advertised by the Rev. Fred A. Moore, Pastor of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, corner Robey Street and Warren Avenue. The circular announcing the course well says: "This is a big undertaking, but it is worth all the time and the effort and the aspiration in view of the big purpose." The preacher promises that each sermon will be "practical." In a church where the seats are free and cordial welcome is extended to all, such topics ought to attract large audiences. If they fail it may well be taken as a symptom of the times in which we live. The exhaustive preoccupation of the leisure class, the confirmed indifference, if not of distrust of churches, on the part of the laboring class, leaves but a small constituency who are either old-fashioned or prophetic enough to attend upon the discussions of such high and imperative themes. The mere list of topics is suggestive. Perhaps the introductory word "Christian" in each title will to some minds be confusing for even that word has become so debauched by dogmatism and contention that it fairly comes within the category of what Theodore Parker called "damaged phraseology." Here is the list:

Sept. 24. "The Christian Temperament."
Oct. 1—"Christian Habits."
Oct. 8—"Christian Ambitions."
Oct. 15—"Christian Associations."
Oct. 22—"Christian Recreations."
Oct. 29—"Christian Education."
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THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.
ERIE, PA.

Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, pastor of The Church here for the last eleven years, has resigned to take a commission from The American Unitarian Association, to proceed to Birmingham, Ala., to undertake the establishment of a Unitarian Church in that city.

Mr. Byrnes spent two weeks in Birmingham, Ala., last February, and perfected the organization of The First Unitarian Church, of that City with thirty-one charter members, and a list of sixty-five other people who signed cards expressing interest in the movement. Mr. Byrnes will begin his work in Birmingham on Sunday Oct. the 1st.

The Unitarian Church in Erie is well organized and equipped for good work in the future. The church has some 300 members, 125 pupils enrolled in the Sunday School, sixty members in the Woman's Alliance, a Men's Liberal Club of 125 dues paying members, over half of them young men, a strong Unity Club, and a splendid system of committee work and organization for taking care of the whole business side of the church work.

In a recent church census taken by the members of the Evangelical churches of the city, 502 people listed themselves as Unitarians, and this fact together with another important consideration that the Unitarian Church has a high standing in the community as a live centre of civic influence, and genuine spiritual upbuilding, constitutes a happy outlook for the church here.

The Erie Daily Times has the following editorial in connection with Mr. Byrnes' departure from Erie:

"Erie regrets deeply the loss of Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, who gives up his pastorate here to enter a larger field of endeavor. During the years that he has been a minister here he has succeeded in building up the Unitarian congregation and all his efforts have worked for the spiritual upbuilding of the community as a whole. Rev. Byrnes enjoys the confidence and holds the high esteem of citizens of Erie generally, regardless of religious denomination. While his removal from this city is deplored he takes with him the best wishes of one and all. May years of unbounded success await him."

WHIPPOORWILL.

Voice of the long June twilights,
Of the dusk-brown woods and stream
Dwelling half in the hill-gaps
And half in the realm of dreams:
Hark! It throbs like a heart-beat
On the mantling silence round:
Joy, with a church-bell cadence—
Grief, with a singing sound.
Lone and hushed is the landscape;
The night is starry and still,
And the earth flings up her challenge
In the cry of the whippoorwill.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

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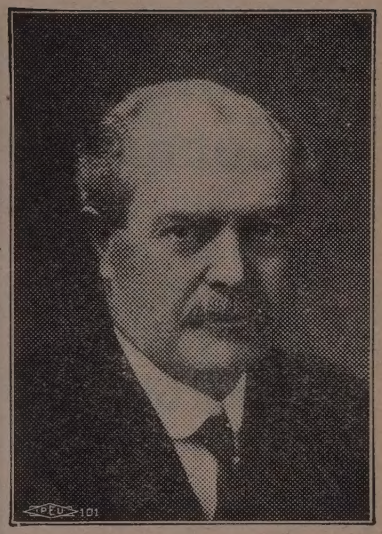

As the campaign for the primary election approaches its close, the renomination of Governor Dunne seems assured. His opponents have found it pretty difficult to find arguments to convince voters that they are qualified to furnish an administration approaching the present one in progress or achievement.

There has been nothing for the Governor's opponents to attack. From the hour of his inauguration he has executed a program for the people unequaled in the history of the state. What has been done? A Public Utilities has been established. What has that done? It has reduced the cost of gas and electricity in 111 cities in the state, has saved $1,000,000 to the consumers and has earned $250,000 for the state.

What about the roads? During Governor Dunne's administration Illinois has been dragged out of the mud. Within four years six hundred miles of concrete and macadam roads have been built to the great advantage of farmers and automobilists.

The appropriation for common schools has been increased from $4,000,000 in 1911 to $8,000,000 in 1915.

Governor Dunne's administration has worked wonders for social service. Employes in state institutions work eight hours where they formerly worked sixteen and now have one day's rest in seven.

The Miners have been helped by new and just laws, such as: providing mine rescue stations, sanitary washrooms in mines and factories, and other laws providing for safety.

Important changes and amendments in the Workmen's Compensation Law has been of vast benefit to labor.

Efficiency has been a watchword in this administration. There have been no scandals in departments, such as were common under previous administrations, economy has been observed everywhere. Governor Dunne has vetoed more appropriations for useless purposes than any other Governor in the history of the state. Watchfulness has been exercised, and along with progress there has been a business-like administration.

If a record for efficient and honest government means anything, Governor Dunne will be easily re-elected in November.

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INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.